

Passage: The stories of Jack Crichton

by Karl

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Summary: It had been five years since Jack had lost his son in Farscape 1. Fate was about to give Jack a chance to find him.

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>Rated PG-13<br>

>Commander Ulric Selton<br>Onboard the Peacekeeper Carrier Mordin Captain Enra Leas was overseeing the cleanup after the attempted escape of several prison vessels. Standing at the center of the command deck, her impatience was starting to show. This was no duty for the Mordin. Escorting prisoners to the work camps on Delaris, what a waste!

><br>"Commander Selton! Report!" First officer Selton moved from the overseer console to the base of the central platform.

><br>"It would appear, Captain, that there was only one Leviathan that successfully removed its control collar. Captain Crais is in pursuit." Ulric knew this before the report was issued. "We have the rest of the vessels back in formation. The transport fleet is back on its heading for Delaris Rehabilitation Center."

><br>"Frell these Leviathans! They should have lobotomized all of them years ago." She hated Leviathans. They were alien. Built by a race long since dead, they survived and flourished in space. They were wrong to use them; it was not Peacekeeper technology. We don't control the technology, we keep them under control.

><br>"You realize that they lose their ability to starburst if their higher functions are damaged captain."

><br>"Yes, yes I know, Commander. I was just thinking out loud." Turning to face him. "Your last tour of duty was on a Leviathan wasn't it?"

><br>"Yes Captain, my first Command assignment was onboard the Leviathan Aben. I oversaw the ship systems during a Peacekeeper New Tech study on..." The captain cut him off.

><br>"Yes Commander, I know. You commanded it for almost five cycles.

Not an entirely successful command was it? "  
><br>"No. No it wasn't. The Peacekeeper Techs had made no successful links up to the time of the accident."  
><br>"Accident!" she said loudly. "You mean suicide don't you? "

><br>"No Captain. Peacekeeper Tribunal concluded that it was a premature starburst too close to a terrestrial mass."

><br>"Commander you mean to tell me that Leviathans are prone to starbursting into a planet surface?  
><br>"As I stated at the tribunal, its pilot was disoriented. Their findings..." He stopped. He knew where this was heading. He wished he was on that escaping Leviathan. He closed his eyes and listened closely to Moya. Good luck to you Moya. He regained his composure. "I have been on board the Mordin for almost a cycle. If you had questions about my ability to command, you should have made Peacekeeper sector office aware."  
><br>"I don't, Commander; your record is quite clean. It's just the way you have been watching our little Biomechaniod friends out there. If I didn't know better, I would say you had gone native while serving on one of those Leviathans."  
><br>To go native was the strongest insult that a Peacekeeper had. The command crew all turned to see his reaction. He straightened and dug his fingers into the palms of his hands. A slow sinking feeling weld inside him. What did she know? How could she know? "Is there a point to this Captain!"  
><br>She bent lower, so bringing herself eye to eye with her first officer. "I know there is more to your story commander. Do you think you would have been assigned to me if they truly believed you? Return to your station."  
><br>"Yes Captain." He avoided looking at the deck officers, as he returned to the overseer console.

><br>2. New Mexico

>He had known all along that they had been watching him. It had been almost five years since Jack Crichton had lost his son. The IASA was insistent that it was thermal failure that killed his son. It was a devastating blow for Jack. But something was not right, Jack could feel it. It started in the weeks after John's flight. Commander Jeffry Cobb, a close friend to John, had died in a freak accident while returning to IASA headquarters. Two months later the second module, Farscape 2, was lost along with most of the flight data from Farscape 1 in a suspicious hydrazine leak at the IASA test center facility in Sidney. Every time Jack talked to Ray Wilson about John's flight he would always get the same answer.<br>>"Look Jack I understand your frustration. The IASA has no other information. Jack, its time to move on. You need to bury the dead."<br>

>Jack knew Ray too well. They were hiding something. Finally, last fall he stumbled upon a clue quite by accident while testing a segment of the new Near Earth Asteroid Telescope Tracking System, (NEATTS), that was to be installed on the International space station (ISS). They were testing the optical tracking system of the telescope on random satellite in orbit, when it came across an optical anomaly orbiting 234 miles above the earth. It appeared to be almost liquid and it tended to distort the stars around it. As they tracked the anomaly there was something familiar about the location. Could it be? The hairs on the back of his neck still stood up thinking about it. He called DK, who had moved to the coast and a professorship at CALTECH.<br>

>"Yes, I don't have to look it up, I know it quite well. That's the

last position of Farscape 1 during its test flight. We monitored the area for over a month looking for debris from Farscape 1 but there was nothing there.<br>

>"I know DK, but come out and take a look for yourself."<br>

>"Look, maybe it's the Aurora Borealis, We are going through some major solar activity."<br>

>He felt this was wrong. DK had moved on. He should not bring up the ghosts from their past.<br>

>"That's it! Sorry it's just.." He composed himself.<br>

>"Are you going to get out to the coast before your trip?"<br>

>"I don't think so, I'm still running simulations on the telescope."<br>

>"Are you OK?"<br>

>"Yes, of course DK, I'm fine. Give my love to Kathy."<br>

>"You know, I miss him too."<br>

>"Yes-I know...I got to go." He hung up the phone and walked back into the cold of the desert night. In his continued mourning for the loss of his son, there was some comfort in knowing that DK had moved on. Jack didn't want to bring him back into the IASA confrontation again. It was hard on DK, he had to work through a lot of guilt. He didn't want to raise the dead. He just wanted the truth, and it looked as though he was going to have to unearth it alone. <br>

>Vivisection<br>He had known all along that they had been watching him. The only survivor from the Link experiment. He only oversaw the ship and its operation and was not one of its participants. He saw the outcome of most of their neural links experiments and knew they could never replace a pilot with a Sebacean. Our minds were not built to handle that kind of processing. But he was only the commander of the ship. The Peacekeeper tech team was not under his jurisdiction. So for almost two cycles they tried to link directly into the Leviathan's cortex by way of its pilot's nervous system and it was about this time he detected the songs. He almost reported it to the Peacekeeper Tech supervisor until he realized what he was hearing. He had gained the ability to hear/sense the communication between Leviathans. He could not understand their complex language but he could sense their feelings. The helmsman's announcement halted his wanderings.

><br>The helmsman turned to face the captain. "Excuse me Captain, we are picking up some strange readings off our port."

><br>"What kind of readings?" Snapped the captain.

><br>"I don't know. Some type of optical distortion. "

><br>"Could it be camouflage generators? I understand that the Tarleks have been using them to raid freighters in this area. Bring the data up on the main display."

><br>"No, there would be a detectable energy spike." Going back to the overseer's console Commander Selton brought the telemetry up on the main display that covered the front half of the control deck. This was his life now-thirty-two cycles old and will never see command again. He would be kept under control like a Leviathan. Peacekeeper rules and regulations being his control collar; the chain of command being his leash.

><br>"It is not very large, only 4 drelts in diameter." The main display that started on the floor in front of them and ran overhead showed a small area where stars seemed to be moving. There was a blue hue to the area like smoke or water.

><br>The captain moved back to the center of the command deck. "Bring the ship in closer. I don't need anymore surprises today."

><br>"Turning to heading 343 by 324 by 002," Yelled the helmsman.

><br>"Forward guns to bear and auto track that sector."

><br>"Yes captain!" The Commander yelled over the increasing noise of the command deck.

><br>Unknown to the captain, she headed this huge fortress into the wake of a collapsing wormhole that had been created by Farscape 1 just three arns earlier. As the Morden passed through the event horizon, the ship was instantly cut in two by the receding space-time distortion of the collapsing wormhole. The bow of the huge ship seemed to puncture space-time and was gone. The aft drive section spun in a slow ark perpendicular to its original course. The end was near; and those who might have survived the initial vivisection had no time to get to escape stations as long plumes plasma poured from its mortal wounds. The jump drive generators that had been fully charged lost their shielding and, in the vacuum of space, what was once one of the most powerful ships in the Peacekeeper arsenal was gone.

><br>

>Farscape 2<br>This was like no shuttle flight. No pressure suits, fewer than 4 G's and less then 3db of sound at take off. The new x-33 space planes were now on regular runs between earth and the International Space Station. 20 minutes from launch to ISS airlock. 22 passengers: 5 in his team to set up the new NEATS telescope for NASA, 16 tourists for their 45 minutes in space at \$25,000 a head and Colonel Ray Wilson of the IASA.

>Jack knew why he was there. He was being watched. The IASA tried to get NASA to delay Jack's program for a few weeks. They gave no reason for this request. Fortunately, he still had enough pull at NASA to keep his program on track. Jack was invited to observe final approach on the flight deck of the space plane. He had forgotten how wonderful moving in zero G's was. He floated gracefully though the cabin past the mass of tourists forward to the flight deck and the pilot, Richard Jenson, who had been co-pilot on Jack's first shuttle flight. The last time he saw Rich was at John's funeral.<br>Jack found his seat at the rear of the cockpit and Rich pointed out the new construction. As the space plane approached the International Space Station docking port, the answer to part of his quest stared at him straight in the face. Docked at the end of the IASA research block was Farscape 2. He smiled to himself as if he expected to see the ship docked there.

><br>

>Cold Space<br>The forward half of the Mordin passed through the wormhole, and its size became its worst enemy. When the wormhole collapsed, the ship was crushed as it passed through this dimensional doorway. First the 22 decks of the port habitation rings were sheared off as the hulk strayed too close to the walls of space-time, followed by the starboard ring. As the ship exited the wormhole all that was left of the mighty fortress was the forward hull housing the command decks and three hangers. The Mordin went from a crew of twenty five hundred to less then three hundred in a matter of microts. The hulk drifted slowly towards the blue world that brought them here. Gravity took hold of the gutted ship and it started its descent into the atmosphere.

> <br>Colonel Raymond Wilson IASA

>"I don't like to lie gentlemen, but if this data is true we might have stumbled across the most significant scientific discovery in man's history. The potential profit from this is astounding. No, the cover story must stay. Farscape 1 burnt up in the ionosphere during her maiden flight." Those words still haunted him to this day. It all

came back to him as he waited for the boarding call for the space plane. His orders were simple-keep Jack Crichton under control at all costs. The IASA had allowed use of deadly force if necessary. He and Jack helped found the International Astronauts Space Administration back in '92 and they had been or become great friends. That was before; before John's trip in Farscape 1. He knew from telemetry that John had opened a doorway, a wormhole, and he might have survived his journey. But there was nothing he could do. He had no choice. Farscape 1 carried only twenty hours of life support on board. That was before he had to look into Jack's eyes and tell him that his son had incinerated in the upper atmosphere. That was before he had to tell his best friend that the IASA was canceling the Farscape program. That was before moving the Farscape program under the cover of a Black Project, so that no matter how he tried, Jack would get no information about what happened to his son. Now he was here to keep an eye on Jack and he knew that as soon as he got to the station he would see Farscape 2. He saw Jack pass through the boarding tube. As he followed to board the space plane, a wave of regret came over him. He had grown to regret the choices he had made five years ago. Now here he was, the first man to enter the ISS with a firearm. A weapon; a device that's sole purpose was to kill. We bring violence wherever we go. He stepped through the hatch and entered the space plane. He had made his choice.<br>

>Damage Control<br>As he woke he could hear the hiss of escaping atmosphere. It was very cold. They must have been attacked he opened his eyes slowly. Everything ran through his head at once. He could not remember what had happened. How long had he been out? Air: cold but he was breathing. Pressure: lower ears continued to pop. Gravity: He was still heavy. That's good, there must be some life-support still working. The Command Center was pitch black. He realized he had been thrown to the rear of the command platform, and he moved back to his overseers console.

>He called out in the dark. "Captain Leas! Lieutenant Mellic! Sirn! Darbin! Hello? Anyone?" Nothing, other than the hiss of air escaping.<br>

>The attack must have been severe. The attack must have been enormous. Back up systems were out. He opened the service door on the side of the overseer's console and found its auxiliary power store and the small screen started to glow. Frell its getting colder. He could see his own breath. He pulled up damage control first and found all main systems were down, and back up systems were also heavily damaged. There was no telemetry from the habrings or engineering. We are dead. Why hadn't the attacker finished us off?<br>

>"Frell Its cold!" He stopped working and listened, in his minds eye he searched. He had always been able to hear them singing. "Nothing" This is the first time in almost three cycles that he could not detect their songs. Leviathans were known to inhabit most of the galaxy. "We are very far from home."<br>

>He heard the sound of someone banging on the pressure doors. He was not alone! He answered their calls and then he heard the sound of the plasma torch on the door. It was going to be awhile. He went back to work. As his eyes grew accustomed to the light he could make out the outline of the helmsman and systems manager slumped over their console. They were dead. He found the communication officer in front of the main display. She had head trauma and there was nothing he could do for her. He walked back to the rear of the command deck and there she was. She was pinned under the ceiling support that had collapsed during the attack. The (translation: 'Bitch') was alive, no signs of bleeding. The support was also the source of the hissing. A sensor boom had cut the ceiling above them. The ships skin had

scabbed over quite well, but the gash was huge. It was never meant to span that type of opening. The Mordin was not like a Leviathan. It could only seal itself. A Leviathan would be able to heal a wound like this in no time.<br>

>"OK captain, they are coming. You'll be okay."<br>

>"My ship, how bad?"<br>

>"Blind as a tablistar and dead in space." He smiled slightly, "But we have atmosphere and that seems to be stabilizing." He looked up at the gash in the ceiling. "Slowly."<br>

>"Who attacked us." She trailed off as she lost consciousness.<br>

>"First things first, Captain." He returned to his console.<br>

>All three programs could not find a single star system that could be identified. It seemed to be getting colder. He got the imaging up and pulled enough power to project onto the main display. The command center was filled with a beautiful blue and white world.<br>

>"Where the frell are we?" There were no worlds in this sector that looked like this.<br>

>He jettisoned the Peacekeeper beacon then walked back to the center of the command deck. He stared at the alien world and wondered what powers they possessed to be able to take us in the blink of an eye to somewhere very far away. They where nowhere near Peacekeeper territory.<br>

><br>ISS Docking Hub

>The Space plane docked to the central hub at the base of the sprolling station. Jack traded an awkward goodbye with Rich, something he had gotten used to. He left the flight deck looking once over his shoulder at the site of Farscape 2 at the far end of the facility. In the docking hub he met up with his associates who had quarters set up in personnel node three. Jack sent them ahead to get settled. The space plane would unload its cargo and leave within the hour and the tourists had been moved to the observation lounge where they would stay until the space plane was ready to depart. Jack signed in with the station commander, Captain Lisa Dallas, who met the space plane.<br>

>The young woman seemed nervous, "I am happy to finally meet you Colonel Crichton. Welcome back to the International Space Station. I would like to invite you and your team to dine with me this evening."<br>

>"Thank you Captain Dallas, we would enjoy that. " He smiled politely.<br>

>"17:00 hours in the observation lounge then." With a nod she descended towards the space plane.<br>

>Jack pushed off the docking hub railing and sailed slowly through the next node where Ray Wilson was waiting for him.<br>

>"Hello Jack, how are you?" Ray had a hard time looking him in the eye. The two men floated to the next handrail and stopped.<br>

>The muscles in Jack's jaw tightened. "Well Colonel Wilson, I see you and the IASA have been very busy."<br>

>He look up and down the passageway to see if there was anyone in ear shot. "Look Jack, I know you have a lot of questions."<br>

>"I have only one Ray." With a swell of anger, "what happened to my son!"<br>

>Ray grabbed him and pulled him closer. He lowered his voice even further. "Keep your voice down, Jack, or we are both fucked! Do you understand me!" He loosened his grip on Jack's arm Jack pulled his arm away and said nothing more. He knew right now Ray Wilson held all the cards,<br>

>"Meet me for a drink in the observation lounge after the tourists board the space plane." He checked the passageway again. "You have no idea what's going on! And don't try anything stupid. The IASA node has been locked down so you won't be able to get in there." He pushed off the wall and exited down the passageway.<br>

><br>Peacekeeper Auxiliary command

>The room was small and was not designed for the purpose it now held. Peacekeeper Tech's walked in and out setting up monitoring stations. The Captain was assessing inventory of the three intact hangers: thirty Marauders, one hundred and sixty prowlers, six infantry drop ships, and only one heavy bomber. The hangers were designed to operate separately from the Morden. They were short-range craft designed to deliver ships fast for planetary control. The status of personnel was more of a concern. Most of the infantrymen were in the habitation rings during the attack. Most that survived were of the command crew. At the center of the auxiliary was the captain. Her legs had been amputated to quicken her removal from the command center. The bio bed that she laid on took care of the rest.<br>

>The captain was going through the crew manifest when commander Selton approached.<br>

>"Helus just informed me you are planning a counter attack against the aliens."<br>

>"Yes, I am. What would you have us do?"<br>

>"Captain we are very far from home. We don't have the resources."<br>

>"Where would you have us go, Commander?"<br>

>"We should get out of this area as quickly as possible. Take what we can and destroy the rest."<br>

>"Destroy the Morden! I will not hear of it! This is our home, Commander."<br>

>The anger rose as he saw that they were all going to die under her command. "Our ship, Captain, is dead! If we wait, it will be too deep in the atmosphere to get any of us off." He walked back and forth in front of the medi bed that the captain was plugged into.<br>

>She wasn't listening to him. "We must assess our enemy's capabilities. Before we attack."<br>

>"Assess our enemies! Attack! They just grabbed our ship from the other side of the galaxy and brought us here. I think it is safe to say that we have no chance against the powers that these aliens hold. " He moved in closer to the medi bed. "We should board the hanger ships and get as far away from this world as possible!"<br>

>"That's enough, Commander!" She pulled herself up to a half-sitting position "We will not run away. We were attacked! They killed more than two thousand of your brothers and sisters. If you are not up to the challenge, might I suggest we retire you!"<br>

>"No Captain, Listen to me! " He calmed down and tried to deal with this frelling bitch as rationally as possible. "If they wanted us dead, they have had plenty of time to finish us off."<br>

>"We will avenge our shipmates. I want you to take an assault team and get some answers."<br>

>A Peacekeeper Tech walked into the cramped auxiliary command station. " We have detected numerous transmissions from the planet surface"<br>

>"Can we translate the signals?"<br>

>"Not with the equipment at hand; maybe in a few arns."<br>

>"Thank you, dismissed" The Peacekeeper tech backed out of the room. "As I was saying Commander, I want you to take an assault team to that small spaceport we detected and get some answers. We have two

arns before the attack."<br>

>"Yes Captain!" He turned and walked out. Once again blind arrogance will kill more Peacekeepers than battle action.<br>

>He descended onto the hanger floor. This part of the ship gave the appearance of little damage other than auxiliary lighting. He approached the marauder with its five-member assault team standing in formation in front of it ready for inspection. Argus Nul was the squadron leader. A real by the book type of fighter. At one time I would have looked up to a man like that. That was before my experiences on the Aben. Now things are different. Nul is just a piece of the Peacekeeper arsenal, a machine, not thinking, just to be used blindly. What are we getting ourselves into?<br>

><br>10. ISS Observation Lounge

>The Observation lounge was the most extravagant area of the station. Designed for the heavy tourist trade that had been building over the last few years. The half of the cylinder that faced earth was covered with three large windows. At the far end of the lounge were the zero G equivalents of restaurant booths. Between flights it was a quiet place where one could go to Earth watch. When Jack arrived, he saw Ray sitting in a booth nearest the windows. There were a few other small groups, so he was relieved that he wouldn't be alone with Ray. He floated over to the booth and harnessed in to the seat.<br>

>"I'm glad you decided to come Jack." He felt under the table to make sure his weapon was available just in case.<br>

>"I'm here. Now tell me what happened to my son!" With the words came the anger and frustration that had been building over the past four years. If he hadn't been strapped in, he would have leaped over the table to get at Wilson.<br>

>"Lower your voice and get a hold of yourself Jack." Placing the gun back in his pants pocket he took a deep breath. "OK Jack." He looked around again to see if any one was watching them.<br>

>"What I can tell you, Jack, is that John did not burn up in the atmosphere. Farscape 1 opened a wormhole to what we believe is another part of our galaxy." He took a big swig from the straw of his drink. "The flight data showed that life-support was stable on Farscape 1 when it entered the wormhole. There was a chance he could have survived the journey to the other side."<br>

>"What! How!" His mind stumbled. "He didn't die. What happened to him? Did you go after him."<br>

>"We didn't have the telemetry decoded for almost a week before we knew what happened. We had to tell the press something and there was no way to go after him. We had to keep you out, Jack. You of all people would try to get to the bottom of this, come hell or high water. We needed time to develop the program differently. That's why the Farscape 2 module had to go missing-so that we could make some alterations to handle what it might find in the wormhole."<br>

>"My son died alone on the far side of the galaxy?" This news was worse then thinking he had burnt up quickly. At least death would have been instantaneous, not slow suffocation.<br>

>"We just don't know Jack. That's why Farscape 2 is here."<br>

>Jack had seen enough death in his life to know that dying alone was a soldier's worse nightmare. "John I'm sorry, son." He whispered while choking back the tears.<br>

>"We will be launching Farscape 2 within the next few days. We are waiting for the solar activity to match closer to what it was when John went through." He cleared his throat, "I have been given permission by the IASA to invite you to stay and observe the entire flight. There is a catch."<br>



>"I am sure."<br>  
>"You can tell no one of this program until the IASA has time to evaluate the potential of such a technology."<br>  
>"What if I say no and go to the net with the story."<br>  
>"Then you will end up like Cobb."<br>  
>Jack had suspected as much but it still surprised him, coming from this man who at one time he had called friend. "Cobb wasn't happy with the IASA and was too close to the program to block out like myself."<br>  
>"You could say that."<br>  
>"So where do we go from here."<br>  
>"Its simple, you will be monitored 24-7. You can go about your business on board the station. When your team leaves you will be allowed to stay on board for the Farscape 2 launch. After telemetry is reviewed and the IASA has made its decision you will be returned to Earth<br>  
>"Ok, I'll do it." Jack knew that regardless of the outcome of the program he would not be stepping foot on the Earth alive again. If he knew more about his son's death he felt he could gain some peace from that.<br>  
>"And just so you understand Jack. My orders are to silence you and anyone you confide in. If there is even a hint of a leak. You were smart not to get DK involved again, Jack. You might have saved his life." He paused for a long time. He knew that he could never carry out the order but there were at least two other crewmembers onboard the ISS that could. "Jack I am sorry about John...I had no choice..."<br>  
>"Save it Ray." Jack removed his restraints and exited the booth.<br>  
>Attack<br>As Jack floated slowly across the lounge towards the exit, the station's collision alarms started. The few people in the lounge all moved to the large window to see what was going on. They knew that the alarms were only triggered if a large body was headed for them. Over the speaker came the station commander's orders for General quarters. The huge door that connects this node to the next closed automatically and Jack looked back to the window. Out of the corner of his eye he saw it. A brown and red rectangular box traveling in the same orbit but below. It was ascending to the station. It wasn't space debris, it was a ship! He had never seen a ship like that. There were two bright flashes then an almost simultaneous shuddering in the space station. The huge ship was upon them. Jack moved over to Wilson.  
><br>"More IASA secrets Wilson?" He looked at Wilson-he was as white as a ghost. He didn't respond.  
><br>The station started a very slow yaw. The windows of the observation lounge now viewed only stars. There was another shudder in the station. This was it. The station was never designed for such stress. It continued to spin slowly with its rotation as the debris from the attack slowly fell away.  
><br>"Communications boom, Satellite dish, Microwave antenna array. They have cut us off from Earth." He turned to face Wilson who still stared out the window. " Who are they Wilson? What part of the IASA is responsible for this?"  
><br>He broke his gaze, "I don't know. It's not IASA. That ship, it moves like nothing I have ever seen before." The terror in his voice could not lie. The attacker ship was hanging three meters from the docking hub and was able to match the erratic rotation the station had taken on during the attack. It started its final approach. There was a large thud that ran through the station as the large ship docked.

><br>The station commander came on the PA. "It would appear we are going to be boarded. There is nothing we can do until we know who they are. All communication with Earth is out. We are attempting to get the rotation under control. but until we do, it's going to get hot in here ladies and gentlemen. General quarters will be maintained until further notice. Will Colonel Wilson meet me in the docking hub?"

><br>Wilson looked at Jack. "Come on Jack. You are with me. Remember 24-7." He patted the zipped pocket of his overalls.

><br>"So who do you think they are Wilson, if they aren't IASA members." Jack knew from what he had seen that it couldn't be NASA or IASA, "China Republic?"

><br>"I don't know, China or maybe Pakistan. They have accelerated their space program since their little acquisition of India."

><br>They arrived at the air lock and were met by the station commander. "Colonel Wilson, does the IASA have any ideas on who our friends are out there?"

><br>"We were just discussing that on our way here. We have never seen anything like it."

><br>She turned to face Jack, "Colonel Crichton, I was hoping to give you a better welcome than this."

><br>"It is certainly exciting..." He was cut off by the sound of drilling.

><br>Captain Dallas yelled back to the men who were in the node behind them, "OK they're coming though. Seal her up." They sealed the large pressure door behind them. The three of them were alone. Cut off from the rest of the ISS. The drill penetrated the door, then a small probe protruded from the hole.

><br>Jack found it strange that some one would go to the bother of testing the air before opening the airlock door. He moved over to the ISS captain. "Captain Dallas, why would some one from EARTH test the air?" Before she could answer he turned to face Wilson.

><br>"Wilson, is it possible the wormhole that was open by Farscape 1 is still there?"

><br>"What are you getting at Colonel." She turned to Wilson. "I have obviously missed something. Do you have some information that I should know about?"

><br>"Jack what are you talking about? Don't be ridiculous. Now is not the time."

><br>Dallas grabbed Wilson by the collar. "So help me Ray, if I find that the IASA has placed the ISS in jeopardy I will personally space you." She pushed him away and turned to Jack. "OK Colonel Crichton, spill it. What is going on? Wormholes? Farscape 1?"

><br>Jack looked towards the door then back towards Wilson. "Captain there might be a chance that this is a first contact situation."

><br>"Great I have been in command of the ISS for three weeks and now we might get a visit from ET!"

><br>"Jack! That's enough!" He floated back over to them. "The IASA has kept no information from NASA as far as what Colonel Crichton is talking about." He looked at Jack with pity. "He has never gotten over the loss of his son."

><br>Jack had expected no less from Ray. "Yes. Well then Wilson, I'm sure you filed a flight plan for the second test of the Farscape project."

><br>Dallas turned to face Wilson "What! I should not be surprised. The IASA said it was using the Farscape 2 prototype to return test equipment to their headquarters as part of their cost cutting

program."

><br>Wilson squirmed. "I don't think this is the time or place to discuss IASA projects. The issue at hand is who is behind that door."

><br>He was cut off by the explosive flares that came from the airlock door. They watched as the two flares cut a huge circular hole in the door. The three pulled themselves back as far as they could. The door was pulled back into the blackness of the visitors vessel. Then four figures in black space suits jumped from the hole. Their agility was astounding. They landed on the door at the far end of the docking hub. The three gave a collective sigh of relief. It was obvious their attackers were human. Jack noticed that they had some kind of magnetic boots that let them walk as if in normal gravity. That's strange. The door was carbon compost, nonmagnetic, yet they stick to it as if there was gravity. The four walked over to the three in the corner. They were heavily armed.

><br>"Large guns in this small space. Not a good idea." Dallas said under her breath.

><br>"Dallas shuffled to the front of the three " Welcome to the International Space Station I am Captain Lisa Dallas of National Aeronautics and Space Administration." One of the four moved toward her. He spoke in a very strange tongue. It sounded as if he was speaking backwards. Some portions of his statement were impossible for a human to repeat.

><br>The hair on the back of Jack's neck stood on end. "I have never heard a language like that."

><br>He turned and looked at Ray. who just nodded back at him.

><br>The lead repeated his alien statement in a very irritated tone. Dallas had no chance to respond. The lead attacker used the barrel of his gun and planted it squarely across her jaw. Crichton and Wilson leaped at the attacker and were taken out before they reached Dallas. The three of them floated, unconscious, in the center of the Docking hub.

><br>The Marauder

>The three of them were taken aboard the Marauder. They had blood taken, were tagged, and had translator microbes inserted. Selton stood in the shadows waiting for these strange Sebaceans to wake. He was deep in thought. These people could not be responsible for the Mordin. Their space station was so fragile it was very difficult to take out their communications without destroying the entire station. Even before they awoke he knew the Captain would call for a full-scale invasion. It will be a slaughter. This world's culture would end within 20 arns. This weighed heavily in his heart. He wished that this world held a super race that would wipe the Peacekeepers out in the blink of an eye. No, another world would be brought under Peacekeeper control. Another race enslaved. Another world lost.<br>No not today. I will do all that is in my power to stop the invasion. I can't stop the Mordin from invading the little world, but there must be some way of helping these fragile beings. Nul approached him.

><br>"They are starting to wake commander."

><br>"Thank-you Lieutenant Nul, nice work! Trank the heavy set one and the female. I'll get to them later."

><br>"I don't need tranks to keep them out, Sir. " He said with a dangerous smile.

><br>"Understand this Lieutenant, as long as they are on this ship you are not to harm them. Do you understand me!" You frelling animal, he thought.

><br>"Yes sir."

><br>"I want you to go through their station and collect its crew in a central location." He slowed his words so that there would be no confusion. "If they resist trunk them. I will not have a mindless slaughter on my watch, do you understand?"

><br>"Yes sir."

><br>"Dismissed," Nul walk out of the room like a child whose toys were taken away from him. The blast door closed behind him.

><br>The silver haired man woke. Selton stayed in the dark. "Rank and regiment." Selton knew that he wasn't a Peacekeeper but procedure was procedure.

><br>Jack woke with a splitting headache. "What! English? You speak English?" He was heavy. Was he on Earth? What happened? He opened his eyes. He was definitely not on Earth. "This ship generates its own gravity." He looked at his captor who stayed in the shadows. "My God, you're not from Earth!"

><br>"Rank and regiment!"

><br>"Colonel Jack Crichton, United States Air Force, 487-99123." He looked around the room and found Dallas and Wilson locked in chairs on either side of him. "Who are you? Where are you from? What do you want?"

><br>"Silence! I will ask the questions." They were not Sebacean. Medi tests showed that, but they were frelling close. Amazing, they look just like us. "What are your world's defensive capabilities?" He walked forward into the light.

><br>13. Ghosts from the past

>Ghosts from the past, raising the dead, it all came to a head. As he watched, the man moved forward into the light. He was wearing a black jacket and paints with high boots his chest area and upper portion of one arm were red. He was obviously in command. He looked in to this man's face. Emotions ran through him like fire. "John!" He closed his eyes when he opened them again. He looked closer but it wasn't his son. "My God you look like my son." Tears filled his eyes. "What's going on!" He screamed. His nightmare had become worse.<br>

>He moved closer, his frustration peaked, "Silence. You don't understand. Whatever you are, whoever you are, does not matter. All you need to know is that if I don't get some answers, your frelling world will be gone!"<br>

>"I don't understand." Jack's mind raced as he composed himself.<br>

>He moved back into the darkness. He turned, "Okay lets start again. What are your world's defensive capabilities? You are obviously low on the techscale. No higher then atomics I would say. I must have some answers."<br>

>With the capabilities of this ship it was obvious that they could wipe out the human race. But he knew that he could not give him any information. "Colonel Jack Crichton, United States Air force, 487-99123"<br>

>"Enough!" He moved into the light again. "I don't know how I can get this through to you. We have three divisions of an invasion fleet waiting for evaluation of your race. They are expecting it soon. We have no time. You must have some capabilities to defend yourself, or perhaps execute preemptive strikes against our ship. You must have something I can use!"<br>

>The com signal chimed, "Commander Selton this is Nul. We have collected the aliens in one area. They didn't put up much of a fight. There is a problem sir."<br>

>What is that?"<br>

>"The temperature is rising in here, sir, frelling fast!"<br>

>"Keep your men with the aliens, I need you down here with me for a little demonstration for our guests. Out!"<br>  
>He moved in front of Jack, smiling slightly "I will answer questions for you Colonel Jack Crichton, then you will answer questions for me. We are peacekeepers, a race of (Translation: policemen for hire). In our part of the galaxy we bring forced peace though violence and brutality. Before you brought us here our ship had over two thousand Peacekeepers on board. We are now down to less than three hundred. Still more than enough firepower to take over your world. Now answer my questions." He lost his anger as he described their situation.<br>

>Jack cleared his throat. "You said we brought you here. I don't understand. How did you get here?"<br>

>"You mean to tell me that you did not intend to bring us here? That makes sense. You obviously don't have the technology." He had suspected as much. It must have been some type of natural phenomenon. "We were pulled though some type of space time door from the far side of this galaxy."<br>

>Farscape 1 must have made a stable wormhole, Jack thought. Why would it be over four years later when they arrived here? He thought back to what Wilson said about the solar activity being similar to when John's test flight took place. How do I use this for our advantage.

"What is your name?"<br>14. Interrogation

>The blast door opened, through which, what Jack would call a grunt, walked in. "Sir, the temperature is becoming critical, suits will last another twenty microts at best."<br>

>"Come here lieutenant, I would like to introduce you to our guests." His mood changed considerably when the lieutenant arrived. "Colonel Jack Crichton of something called the United States Air Force." He turned to Jack and with an emotionless expression.<br>

>"This is Lieutenant Argus Nul squadron leader of the Mordin assault team. Let me show you what Peacekeepers are capable of." Nul looked puzzled. But then smiled at the commander and like an animal he approached Jack. Jack knew what would come next. He faced his death with eyes open. Commander Selton moved to the side near the door. Nul pulled out a knife, Jack stared forward. He would give no response to these animals. Suddenly two blasts rang though Jack's ears. Nul fell slowly to the ground two gaping holes in his chest.<br>

>"You see Jack, this is what you are up against, the only thing that can stop a Peacekeeper is to kill him."<br>

>Jack was stunned, he was drained, and he didn't know how to respond. Selton walked up to Jack and took out what looked like a white dog tag. He ran it across the side of Jack's restraint. The collars locked to his arms and legs released.<br>

>He looked up at his captor. "What is your name?" Damn it, he looked like John.<br>

>"Commander Ulric Selton, first officer to the Command Carrier Mordin of the third fleet." He stepped back from Jack once his restraints were released. "Now I need some information."<br>

>"What about them?" Jack looked at his two unconscious companions.<br>

>"Give me the information I seek and I'll release them as well."<br>

>"I can't give you what you want. You being a soldier should understand that."<br>

>"Yes, yes, I know. And then there is nothing I can do to stop their invasion. Do you have any weapons on this spaceport or in orbit? That I, we, could access?"<br>

>"No. I can tell you Earth has no space based weapons."<br>

>"Earth is your worlds name? Such a strange name for such a beautiful

world." He looked away. "I am sorry, Colonel Jack Crichton."<br>

>Selton walked over to the table and picked up an instrument. He walked past Jack to Captain Dallas. He injected her with something and she immediately started to wake. He swiped his dog tag and the restraints fell to the ground. He went to Wilson and followed the same procedures. The two awoke filled with questions.<br>

><br>Trust

>"You must trust me Colonel Jack Crichton. I have signed my own termination by killing a fellow Peacekeeper."<br>

>"Please, its Jack." He slowly stood from his chair.<br>

>The com signal chimed, "Commander Selton," the voice trailed off, "we have to retreat, the heat is near critical. The aliens are secured. We are headed back to the Marauder."<br>

>"Quickly! Colonel bring me that trunk gun." He was doing something to the door controls.<br>

>Dallas moved to the far end of the room. Boy, it's strange to feel gravity again. It will take some getting used to. Jack followed pulling Wilson along. "Now stay here and shut up Ray. Dallas, keep an eye on him. Jack walked back over to the table where the trunk gun was. He picked it up and looked at Selton. The thought crossed his mind. "Trust. It has to start here and now!" Selton smiled, knowing what Jack was thinking.<br>

>"Quickly, get on that side of the door and wait." Selton had changed the code to the blast doors. The com chimed, but Selton did not respond. He could hear them banging on the door. The poor fools. Their banging slowed. "Okay I'm going to open the door. Stand back."<br>

>"I don't understand. What are you going to do?" With that statement the door swung open and the four Peacekeeper soldiers fell into the room.<br>

>"Sebaceans don't deal well with heat. " Without a fight he tranked each of them as they lay on the floor. "Their suits are limited in the amount of cooling time, so leave them out there to soften them up."<br>

>Jack walked up to Selton. "What makes you so different from the rest of your kind?"<br>

>"Once I stood by as one of the most beautiful creatures in the galaxy was tortured. I did nothing! I knew we were getting close to her secrets and I didn't warn her. She had trusted me. Then finally she committed suicide to protect her secret. I have found myself in the same situation again and so I am making a stand for you and your world on her behalf."<br>

>"Jack, what can we do?" Dallas' voice cracked as she spoke.<br>

>"We have to get a message to Earth. Commander Selton, would you give us information on tactical invasion plans of your people?"<br>

>"Of course I will, Jack. If you give me locations on the Earth of the least populated areas. I can contact the Mordin, and feed them misinformation. He cracked a small grin. "I find it hard to believe that you have no defensive capabilities.<br>

>Dallas moved closer. "The International Space Station is a place of peace! It is for research, not war. It sounds like that concept is too alien for you Peacekeepers."<br>

>"Okay Captain, that's enough," Jack moved between Selton and Dallas. "It is not polite to insult the man who saved your life."<br>

>Selton did not respond. "Follow me." He walked to the flight deck and pulled up a holographic image of the Earth. "Show me the least

populated area of your world."<br>

>Jack moved to the projection and pointed "The poles are least populated. The North Pole is a floating ice shelf. The South Pole, Antarctica, is a frozen continent. There is a small research facility there. "<br>

>"Excellent! Please move to the doorway."<br>

>Wilson tensed up, "I don't like this, Jack. How can you trust him?"<br>

>"I have to agree with Wilson, Jack. I don't trust him either."<br>

>"Then trust me." Jack put his hand out in front of Wilson. "Give it up, Ray!" In Wilson's hand was the gun.<br>

>He stared at Jack, then at Dallas "We can't let him contact his ship." He stared at Jack again. He looked down and handed the gun to Jack. "We are all dead."<br>

>"Thank you Ray." He turned to Selton. "I would like to let them go and release the rest of the crew."<br>

>"It would be more helpful if you could lower the station's temperature."<br>

>Dallas jumped in. "I'll take care of that. Ray, you find the crew and release them."<br>

>"Here, you'll need this." Selton threw Ray his Identchip. "Just pass it next to the restraints. That will release them."<br>

>Jack smiled at Wilson. "We will meet you at Station Con in ten minutes."<br>

>Dallas and Wilson made their way to the hatch. "Ladies first!"

Dallas jumped down through the hatch feet first. As she passed out of the ship she became weightless - it was like diving into a swimming pool. It was hot, but she had been in worse. The Peacekeepers must be really sensitive, she thought.<br>

>Wilson followed behind her. He more or less fell through the hatch and ended up banging into the airlock hatch. They passed the observation lounge where the entire crew was held. They were a floating mass with each restraint connected to another. Wilson began releasing them and Dallas continued on to Station Con.<br>16.

Invasion!

>Commander Selton adjusted his uniform as he brought up the info from the Chem Studies on the human's blood test. They really are genetically close to Sebaceans. He collected images of the spaceport and he prepared his report.<br>

>He moved to the center of the chamber. "Captain Leas, this is Commander Selton. I have gained necessary information on the planet below. I am transmitting the data now."<br>

>"Excellent work, Commander." She smiled into the projector. "I am very pleased. We will have our vengeance on these aliens."<br>

>"It would appear that these beings called Humans are very similar to Sebaceans in physiology. We had a hard time capturing any onboard this station. They are extremely xenophobic. They fear any contact with off worlders. We had to go through twenty of them to gain this information. They have two large defensive systems set up at the planet poles that are hidden under the ice. I would recommend that we strike there first with the heavy bomber. This has happened to them before. It would seem that we passed through what they call a wormhole. It is a naturally occurring phenomenon in this region.<br>

>"Interesting Commander, can we go back through it?"<br>

>"No, it is unstable. It has something to do with the local star's cycle."<br>

>"What of their technology, Commander"<br>

>"This station has minimal defenses. The Marauder was damaged during

our attack by some form of plasma shield that protects the station. I would suspect that their major cities have similar shielding. " He looked at Jack with a little smile. "We are attempting repairs and will return to the Mordin shortly."<br>

>"How are the troops, Commander?"<br>

>He became somber. "During the taking of the spaceport we lost Nul and Duras."<br>

>"I want to see one of these humans, Commander. Bring one with you when you return."<br>

>"I'm sorry Captain. As I said it was very difficult to extract the information. None survived."<br>

>"How disappointing, Commander."<br>

>He looked at Jack again, but his eyes seemed filled with hate.

"Don't worry captain, by tomorrow you will have a whole planet of them under your control." He tried to smile.<br>

>She smiled at him, "You see commander! And you were worried about these aliens. We will have our vengeance and it will be glorious! We launch in two arns. Try to get back before then. Good work, Commander. Mordin out."<br>

>Jack exhaled. He had held his breath through the entire communication. Selton looked somber "Nice touch the Plasma Shield thing."<br>

>"I had to give her some feeling of your technology level. She will act cautiously and slow her attack."<br>

>"Okay lets get to Station Con."<br>

><br>Good Bye

>They made their way to ISS Station Con. It was like an oven. Before leaving the Marauder, Commander Selton donned a P suit to help combat the heat in the station. They had no ideas of how they could stop the invasion, but they worked feverishly to contact Earth and warn them of the coming invasion. As they discussed their plans, the other command personnel found the communication with the alien quite humorous. They watched in awe as Wilson, Dallas and Crichton responded to the gibberish that the alien used as a language. Dallas had explained to them the basic concept of the translator microbes.<br>

>Wilson quietly floated in front of a collection of monitors. He watched as remains of the huge ship buzzed with activity. "Jack, we have the biggest damn weapon ever conceived!"<br>

>They all fell silent. Dallas said, "Don't tell me, Wilson, that the IASA has been stockpiling neutron bombs on board the ISS."<br>

>Jack and Selton both chimed in, "Wilson, get to your point!" Ray stood in front of them and pointed to the large monitor above them. On the monitor was Farscape 2 at the end of the IASA block.<br>

>Selton gave out a groan. "What are we suppose to do with that little dren."<br>

>Jack moved forward and spun in place "Wilson! You son of a bitch, that's it!" Jack laughed out loud.<br>

>"That little piece of 'dren', as you call it, just might be able to send your entire fleet back to where ever the hell you came from."<br>

>"Its dren, and I don't see how that little ship can fly, never mind transporting what's left of the Mordin anywhere."<br>

>"My son used a smaller version of that craft; Farscape 1, to create the worm hole five years ago. All we have to do is open another one right on top of them and they will be pulled through. Ray, is she ready to go?"<br>

>Wilson, who was still proud of himself for thinking of the idea,



hadn't thought it through. "We will need a pilot and navigator."<br>

>"Yes you do. Come on Commander Selton, lets get the system checks started.<br>

>Dallas moved from her command console and floated over to Wilson. "When this is all over Wilson, you and I will sit down and discuss station policy. And what the fuck is dren anyway?"<br>

>"Yes captain, we will, but if you will excuse me, I have a lot of work to do." He floated after the other two men.<br>

>Wilson opened the IASA block that had been sealed since Jack's arrival to the station. Jack and Selton maneuvered through the small air lock into Farscape 2. This ship was twice the size of Farscape 1 and it could fly four uncomfortably, but would be roomy for two. Jack gave Ulric a crash course in the ship's systems. He remembered everything. Wilson set up a flight plan so that, with luck, the wormhole would be produced right over the position that the Mordin held.<br>

>Jack climbed into a flight suit, "Do you want to go home, Commander?"<br>

>"Please Jack, its Ulric."<br>

>"Okay Ulric, do you want to go home?"<br>

>"I don't understand Jack."<br>

>"I am planning to travel through the wormhole once we have created it. I'm going to find my son."<br>

>"I would find it more preferable to having one of your barbaric scientists dissect me."<br>

>"That is a good point, and frankly I could use a guide on the other side of the galaxy."<br>

>Both men laughed. They knew that this mission was suicide. Jack pulled out a photo of John and he stared at it for awhile. He stuck it to the side of the flight control screen.<br>

>Wilson called over the com system, "Jack ,I'm worried. I don't think Farscape 2 will be fast enough to get close to the Mordin. I'm afraid she will be detected during her acceleration.<br>

>Jack turned to Selton, "any ideas?"<br>

>"Yes, I can remote command the Marauder to follow a projected course in front of Farscape 2."<br>

>"So Farscape 2 will remain in its shadow. By the time they detect the second ship it should be too late. Do it!"<br>

>"I'll have to get some equipment off my ship to control her remotely."<br>

>"What about your crew?"<br>

>"Frankly, I would rather they die than be left in the hands of your associates. Besides the Mordin will track the Marauder on final approach, it is standard Peacekeeper procedure. They will scan the approaching vessel. If no one was onboard, that would raise suspicion."<br>

>Selton departed Farscape 2 while Jack called Dallas. "Any chance of getting a com signal to Earth?"<br>

>"Sorry Jack, we are still about 20 minutes away before we have anything."<br>

>"I would like to record a message for someone."<br>

>"Jack you are planing to go through the worm hole aren't you." She swallowed hard.<br>

>"Yes, yes I am. Captain I need to do this." He held his breath - he knew she could stop him if she wanted to.<br>

>"Best of luck to you Jack, as I said before; I was hoping to give you a better welcome than this."<br>

>"Thank you Lisa, and thanks for trusting me."<br>

>"We aren't out of the woods yet! When you are done with your

recording just hit com three to end the recording. I'll make sure they get it regardless of the outcome."<br>

>"Hello DK. I am leaving this message because you are the closest thing to family I have left. I have made a tough choice. I have been given a chance to find John using Farscape 2. You know you are like a son to me, DK. I hope you understand." His voice cracked. "I'm sorry. I have to find out what happened to John. Good-bye." He clicked com three, then sent the message to Dallas. He knew she would get it to him. Jack quickly composed himself and continued the pre-flight checks.<br>

>Selton returned with a large bag and with what Jack supposed was a remote control for the Marauder. They sealed the hatch. Selton activated the Marauder and it came to life. It swooped past the little ship and began to accelerate towards the Mordin.<br>

>"ISS this is Farscape 2 we are ready to disengage from ISS."<br>

>"All boards are green. Pumps show vacuums in docking port ISS release in five...four...three... two...one... Release!"<br>

>The latches holding Farscape 2 to the docking port released and the ship slowly descended from the station.<br>

>"ISS this is Farscape 2 we are ready for main engine on your mark."<br>

>"That's an affirmative Farscape 2 in four...three...two...one... Mark!" Farscape 2 shot from under the station towards the atmosphere beneath the Marauder. "Okay boys you are now transferred to IASA com. Kick the Dram out of them!"<br>

>Selton responded from Farscape 2. "That's Dren, Captain Dallas..." She started to cry.<br>

>"Dallas this is Wilson. I could use some help over here."<br>

>Wiping her nose with her sleeve she said, "I'm on my way. Takahashi, you have the con. I'll be in the IASA block if you need me." She moved through the station quickly. As she entered the IASA block she was startled by two ISS personnel locked in Peacekeeper restraints.<br>

>"What the hell!" She knew both men. One was Bill Robinson part of her support staff and the other was a member of Jack's NEATS team. They were unconscious floating randomly through the node.<br>

>Wilson called from the IASA operation center "Captain Dallas is that you?"<br>

>She floated past the men pushing them slightly out of the way. She entered the IASA control center that had been significantly altered for the Farscape 2 project. "Wow, you guys have been busy in here. I should do full station walks more often. Wilson what the hell is going on? Why do you have those two men tied up?"<br>

>"Let's just say that they have affiliation with the IASA and they could have given us trouble."<br>

>"You mean they're fucking IASA plants!"<br>

>"Please Captain Dallas, we have more pressing business."<br>

>Passage<br>The Marauder swooped up from its position in front of Farscape 2 towards the remains of the Mordin. The transport bays had already been undocked from the hulk and were in station keeping in the Mordin shadows. As Farscape 2 accelerated it was hard to track the Marauder's progress towards the Mordin. Jack had his hands full as he traced the path that Farscape 1 followed five years ago. As Farscape 2 approached maximum acceleration it started. The Marauder dove into the front of the command section of the Mordin. Selton hoped that the captain was still on board the Mordin. The impact of

the Marauder looked like a small flash on the huge ship. "That should keep them busy for a few microts." They watched as above them a blue spire appeared. It started slowly descending from a higher orbit. As it approached, Jack could see the silhouette of the Mordin in its path.

><br>"Damn, she's big! And you say that's only part of her?"

><br>Jack performed the final course change. The spire exploded in to a beautiful blue vortex. The stars around it seemed to dance from the optical distortion of space-time. It engulfed the Mordin's fleet of ships as it descended. Then the huge hulk itself descended into the distortion and was gone. The peacekeepers' invasion of Earth was over. Selton wished he could have seen the expression on Captain Leas face as her invasion fleet was pulled back through the worm hole.

><br>Jack yelled into his mic as the last of the peacekeeper ships fell into the wormhole. "I hope you are getting all this Ray! Okay Commander, hold on to your shorts. We are going in!"

><br>Wilson called with alarm in his voice. "Jack what are you doing! You can't. Jack!"

><br>"Goodbye Ray." He said softly into his head mic. He turned his radio off.

><br>Selton turned to Jack. "Are you sure you want to do this, Jack."

><br>Without looking up from the controls Jack said, "We owe you a lot commander. The least I can do is give you a ride home."

><br>Of course this human would not understand that they had just destroyed what he called home. He looked back at the little blue world. "Thank You." He was free for the first time in his life.

><br>The small craft disappeared seconds later across the event horizon. The tracking system based in the ISS lost all contact other than the blue distortion. Wilson looked at the data that had come in from the flight of Farscape 2. "Good bye old friend. I hope you find what you're looking for."

><br>The IASA would be very busy soon because the profit potential was enormous. But at what cost? He had made choices in the past that he had always regretted. "No! Not this time!" He turned to Captain Dallas "I need an earth link."

><br>"We might have one or two but nothing security coded." She scrolled down the damage control screen.

><br>"That's fine" He smiled at her. He found that all the files in the IASA Database from Farscape 1 and 2. He found links to World Net News and CNN. He hit the download command and watched as the file transferred to the net. He looked back at Captain Dallas. "Do you have vids from the station."

><br>She knew what he was doing. He would probably spend the rest of his life in prison. "Yes I do, but they are considered classified. I can't release them."

><br>Still smiling at her. "You have to, Captain. If this information is from only one source it is less credible."

><br>She looked at this little fat man floating in front of her. She knew he was right. This was bigger than either of them. "Well I never could imagine myself being a career astronaut." She started tapping at her console. She looked up at him. "Where do you want them sent?"

><br>Pointing through the small window at the earth. "I want them sent to everyone down there." Ray Wilson broke out into laughter. "Now if you'll excuse me Captain I have a letter of resignation to write." He was free for the first time in a long time. He was free.

>19. Contact<br>He called, but there was no answer. He was close, hearing their songs in the distance. They had less the forty microts of life support left. It started to get cold in Farscape 2. Through the windows off in the distance was the binary star system that the convoy had stopped near during the attempted escape of Moya. He listened again. No that one was still free. They could detect the debris field created by the remains of the Mordin. Luckily no one had survived to hamper his search.

><br>"I am sorry Jack, it looks as if you will not find the answers you seek. If he did make it through the wormhole it is possible that one of the transport ships picked him up. It is even possible that he was captured by one of the other Peacekeeper escort ships."

><br>Jack looked out at the strange stars. "Thank you Ulric." Jack was at peace. He felt content for the first time in five years. He wiped the tears from his eyes. He could meet death knowing that he was close to his son.

><br>The Farscape's radar system announced its arrival. Jack watched as the huge dark ship passed in front of the Farscape 2. It reminded him of a whale swimming in the ocean. It was beautiful graceful, majestic. And huge!

><br>Selton turned to Jack "I knew I could find one. Jack this is a Leviathan, a living star ship. Isn't she beautiful?" He sat there and smiled. He was going home.

><br>"Amazing!" The ship came to a stop next to Farscape 2. "She is huge! What's that structure on her a, um a bow?" There was a multi story building hanging loosely to her forward section.

><br>"Ouch! That's a Peacekeeper control collar. It would appear our friend escaped Peacekeeper control by ramming the collar into something. Its obviously nonfunctional.

><br>Shall we introduce ourselves, Jack?"

><br>"How do we board her?" As if the huge ship heard, him a large door on the back of its center dorsal fin opened.

><br>Hope

>The next few hours were sensory overload for Jack as he toured the huge Leviathan. He was introduced to her pilot, a huge creature that was linked in a symbiotic relationship with the Leviathan. It appeared that this ship was sent to search for the Mordin. The Leviathan had smashed its control collar into an asteroid in the area and spaced the Peacekeeper crew once she detected Selton's call. There were no loyalties in captivity. The Leviathan was free. It chose to help these strange little creatures. Ulric dug up appropriate clothing and was starting to create a profile for Jack in case they had to deal with other Peacekeeper units.<br>

>Jack and Ulric walked into the pilot's den "Hello Colonel Crichton, how are your accommodations?<br>

>"They are excellent, thank you. Have you finished the scans?"<br>

>"Yes Colonel, I have. I am sorry but we can not find any trace of Farscape 1. I will say that it is difficult to scan through the Mordin debris field.'<br>

>"What about the Peacekeeper logs here on board?<br>

>"The Peacekeeper logs on board show no signs of Farscape 1. I am sorry."<br>

>"Thank you for trying Pilot." Jack forced a smile at the huge pilot.<br>

>Ulric changed the subject. "Pilot, what the status on the control collar."<br>

>"The DRDs are busy reconnecting the dead control collar to the

hull."<br>

>"I don't understand why are you reconnecting it?" Jack questioned.<br>

>"It will be far less suspicious if we look like a standard configured Leviathan."<br>

>"Jack, I am going to try to communicate with Lursa directly."<br>

>"What do you mean 'directly'?" The pilot snapped.<br>

>Ulric closed his eyes and tried to communicate with the Leviathan. Jack found it humorous that the pilot got quite jealous of Ulric's attempt at communication with Lursa.<br>

>Jack let slip a choked laugh. "Sorry!" Pilot slammed all four arms down at once.<br>

>"I find nothing humorous about this... this invasion, Colonel Crichton!"<br>

>Ulric opened his eyes. "Pilot I cannot speak to Lursa directly, but I can send her impressions and she can place impressions in my mind. It is not true communication as you and she share.<br>

>"This is the first I have heard of such a thing!" he raised his head in disapproval.<br>

>Ulric looked at Jack then back at Pilot. "Pilot, there are only four beings in the universe that know of this secret you, Lursa, Jack and myself. I give you my word that we will die before giving this secret up."<br>

>"Thank you, Commander Selton. Lursa trusts you, so I too will trust you." He settled back down behind the console.<br>

>"I must ask you Commander Selton, do you hear their songs?<br>

>Jack thought about his response. Tell the truth, don't lie. "Yes Pilot, I can."<br>

>The look of awe came over the pilot's face. "It is said that pilots, after hundreds of cycles, may develop the ability to hear the songs that Leviathans sing. Amazing!"<br>

>He did not want to get Jack's hopes up, but he had to tell him the truth. Ulric turned to Jack. "Lursa gave me an impression of another runaway Leviathan called Moya."<br>

>"What does it have to do with John?"<br>

>"It's hard to explain Jack I'm not sure if I understand it, but it would make sense. Moya had been in the convoy near this area when Farscape 1 theoretically arrived. Moya's last song was heard deep in the uncharted territories. Which is far from Peacekeeper patrols."<br>

>"That's good enough for me Ulric!"<br>

>"You do realize, Jack, that it does not mean your son is on board that Leviathan."<br>

>"Commander Selton, you mean to tell me you have something better to do?" Jack smiled. They left the pilot's den for the command chamber. John, if you are out here, I will find you. Son don't worry you are not alone anymore. His mourning for his son was over. Regardless of the outcome of his search Jack knew he had been given a second chance at life.<br>

>Selton stood in the center of command chamber of the Leviathan Lursa. He seemed to glow with excitement. "I'm home Jack. I have you to thank for it!" He smiled at Jack who stood next to him in standard captains uniform. "Pilot, have the DRDs finished reattaching the control Collar?"<br>

>"Yes commander Selton, the last DRD has returned inside."<br>

>"Okay Pilot, set heading for the uncharted territories."<br>

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>"Course configured Commander Selton."<br>  
>"Starburst now! Hang on Jack." The Leviathan jumped into  
starburst.<br>  
>This was the beginning.<br>  
>Fin<br>  
> <p><p>
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